THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 7, 1803.

Eulogy on General Sir Ralph Abercromby.

A General expiring in the arms of victory is entitled to the praiſes of his countrymen. So died Abercromby! ſacred, revered name! ever dear to Albion's braver ſons! unchecked by threats of angry enemies, his breaſt glowed with warlike ardour; his heart, the ſeat of generous courage, revolted from ignoble actions. Minerva claimed, alike with Mars, to influence his acts; 'twas her who was the mother of his every ſtep; whilſt the fierce god ſpurred him on to deeds not unworthy his diſciples, his ſoldiers urged by his example, with unabated force marched on their way to victory, to glory; and while Britannia's banners fluttered in the mild breeze of Egypt's warmer clime, Bonaparte aſtoniſhed, yielded his martial boaſt to Abercromby. Inſpired by thy example, brave general, what could not Britiſh troops effect? rendered invincible to be conquered, and taught to brave every danger, by thy well-timed admonitions, and actuated by a thirſt of glory, a generous rivalſhip filled every heart: prompt, inſtinctively, and almoſt without command, they hurry to the charge: thus led on to battle with an aſſurance of victory depictured on their animated countenances, and hearts reſtrained but by the narrow precincts of their bodies, their loud huzzas tranſpierced the elements, the foe aſtoniſhed, ſtood aghaſt, with horror in their looks, and terror in their geſtures; while Gallia's flag, ſo non-congenial to the eyes of Britons, indignant down is torn, and to the earth the tattered rag is given. Thus fought Abercromby! Such actions, ſuch heroic deeds as theſe, were the fruits of his courage, the reſult of his valour: Oh for the power of ſome illuminated and inſpired pen to ſhew how ſtood that great illuſtrious man, in thoſe moments of victory, rendered ſo by his extenſive

knowledge in the noble art of war! To ſhew what thought his lofty boſom ſtrained, when with a glance he viewed the martial plain, his noble, nor more noble than generous heart, revolted from the ſcene, and ſickened at the ſight his country's honour called for.

Oh! Abercromby! Abercromby! in the moment of conquering, when ambitious of a different fame from that which actuated thy enemy, thou wert guiding the elaſtic courage of thy bands, at a time when like ſome inſpiring god, thou by thy powerful nod wert guiding the battle, and leading thy brave followers on to victory, then it was that ſome curſed deputed ſhot, by fortune ſent, hurled thee to the earth, to that earth which by thy invaluable duſt is enriched beyond the treaſures of the eaſtern world: Oh thou greedy ſoil! could not the o'erflowing of the Nile ſatiate thy thirſt, but thou muſt be glutted, drenched with the blood of heroes.

In that victory, purchaſed only with thy life, brave ſoldier, we had been bleſt but for the loſs ſuſtained in gaining it: capricious fortune! blind goddeſs! whilſt with a promiſcuous hand thou wert adding freſh laurels to the enſign of Britain, already decorated with innumerable trophies of her irreſiſtible prowefs, and inſignias of her ſons' valour, thou wert depriving it of one of its ſtrongeſt props.

Much lamented ſhade of a departed hero! could rank, fortune, thy utility to the Engliſh nation, or the pride with which thy grateful countrymen when thy much reſpected image glanced athwart their generous ſouls, have turned aſide the fatal ball, thou hadſt not died! or could their every wiſh be gratified, thou hadſt been exempt from fate. Oh how a nation trembles when it recalls with ſad recollections that dreadful moment in which Britannia loſt the vigorous efforts of thy powerful arm, thy loyal, patriot warmth, a moment felt alike by all.

Among the deeds of endleſs fame, thy acts, brave general, ſhall be enrolled; the name of a dying victor, and that for his country, ſhall live through ages, and be regiſtered in the annals of glory, at whoſe ſhrine thou didſt inceſſantly pay thy devoirs: by the remoteſt poſterity, with enthuſiaſtic warmth, and ſouls glowing with gratitude, ſhall be read the untarniſhed lives of thoſe heroes whoſe valour has rendered their names familiar, but dreaded, to the earth's utmoſt verge. Immortal glory's radiant form was thy guiding load-ſtar through the devious track of war; honour, the ſecret ſpring of all thy actions, made thee throw aſide the fear of dangers incident to arms; and with prudence and courage for thy guide, didſt thou ſteer unerring through the deſolations of a furious warfare.

Brave Abercromby! ſunk to reſt, bleſt by all thy country's wiſhes, how ſweet muſt be thy ſleep, when ſpring returning ſhall deck the ſoil, in ſpreading her invigorating influence o'er the ſmall

ſmall track which cloſes thy regretted duſt, ſhe ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſoil than e'er was trod by fancy's airy feet; to thy grave honour ſhall repair to bleſs the turf that wraps thy clay.

May thy actions, Oh thou heroic general, emulate others to, and thy fate deter them from, like glorious deeds. And when in the laſt great, magnanimous, and deciſive day, that God without whoſe aſſiſtance thou couldſt not have ſubdued thine enemies, and without whoſe concurrence, and ſanction, death could not have triumphed over thee triumphing in Egypt, ſhall iſſue forth his irrevokable mandate, and ſend forth his heralds to proclaim the coming of their Lord; when the devaſtations of every war ſhall be more than equalled by the war of elements, the wreck of nature, and the cruſh of worlds; and when nature, recoiling on herſelf, ſhall tremble at deſtruction; when the bright blaze thrown out by the world on fire ſhall ſerve but as a foil to the radiant and ſurpaſſing glory of the Heavenly Monarch; when the ſun, the bright luminary of the vaſt univerſe, ſhall deviate from its uſual courſe, unable to bear the luſtre of his approach; when a tranſient glance of the ſplendour of his coming, ſhall be reflected on the gloſſy deep, before (according to the word of God) it ſhall be dried up; when the dead riſing from their till then undiſturbed ſlumbers ſhall, caſting their eyes upward, be daſhed by the reſplendent glory hovering round his head; then, Oh Abercromby! mayſt thou meet the ſcrutinizing and penetrating eye of an offending, but juſt Deity, with that undaunted firmneſs, conſcious virtue cannot fail to inſpire: and when thy every fault ſhall be canvaſſed with impartiality, may they be obliterated by the noble actions of thy life; and when vice ſhall ſhrink from the contracted brow, and angry frown, of a juſt Omnipotent; and virtuous heroes, ſhall receive their reward from the Hero of Heroes; then ſhalt thou, brave man, receive that coronet which thy noble deeds intitled thee to in this our lower world.

MARS.

St. Ives, Cornwall.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

Trials of Colonel Deſpard and his Accomplices for High Treaſon.

(Continued from Page 165.)

JOHN STAFFORD, peace-clerk, at the Police-office, Union-Hall, examined by Mr. Solicitor General.—On Tueſday the 16th of November laſt, I was directed by the magiſtrates to go to the Oakley Arms, in the pariſh of St. Mary, Lambeth.

I went, about nine o'clock in the evening, with John May and Richard Lloyd, two officers, and met a large body of Bow-ſtreet police officers, ſent by Sir Richard Ford. Charles Bacon, and John Rivett were two of the officers I met. We went together to the Oakley Arms. Mr. Lloyd, the officer, attended, with a party in a room below ſtairs. John Rivett, John May, and myſelf, ran to the club-room, up one pair of ſtairs. There were thirty perſons aſſembled, among whom were Thomas Phillips, William Lander, John Lander, John Doyle, John Wood, Thomas Newman, James Sedgwick Ratten, Daniel Tyndall, Samuel Smith, Thomas Broughton, John Emblin, John Connell, and Edward Marcus Deſpard. They all appeared, except Colonel Deſpard, to be working men. Some were ſoldiers, John Francis, Wood, and Newman, had not their regimentals on. Upon going into the room I made towards the top, and ordered them all to keep their ſeats. I deſired the officers to ſearch them, and upon Thomas Phillips I ſaw May find a paper. [The paper was produced to the witneſs, who identified it; it was the ſame referred to in the attorney-general's ſpeech.] Upon that paper being taken from Phillips, a patrole ſaid, there was one who would not be ſearched. I went to the middle of the room to the perſon who had refuſed to be ſearched. Rivett ſaid it was Colonel Deſpard. He deſired to ſee the warrant, and it was ſhewn to him. We proceeded to ſearch Colonel Deſpard; he ſeemed indignant. We ſearched him minutely, but found nothing. He had a green umbrella in his hand. I ſaw another paper in the hands of the patrole, but I did not ſee where it came from. They were all taken into cuſtody. I continued at the Oakley Arms, till they were all ſent to a place of ſecurity. Before they were all gone, a perſon came to the houſe, who turned out to be Thomas Windſor. I was in the tap-room. The man by his dreſs looked like a labouring brick-layer; he called for a pint of beer and a pipe. I had a long converſation with him. I took down his name and place of reſidence, and deſired him to call at Union Hall the next day. He told me he was a bricklayer by buſineſs, and a ſoldier in the Guards. He attended at Union Hall. He was examined, and produced another paper, [this paper was produced to the witneſs; it was a copy of the former]. He ſaid he knew Colonel Deſpard, James Sedgwick Ratten, John Francis, John Wood, and it was then Wood admitted himſelf to be a ſoldier. John Francis, who had deſcribed himſelf as a ſhoemaker, alſo admitted he was a ſoldier in Colonel Lambert's company of the guards. Windſor ſaid he alſo knew Emblin and Samuel Smith. The priſoners were ſeverally committed. I think it was that very day, (Tueſday 16th) the parliament met. It was the next Tueſday the king went to meet his parliament.

[The paper found on John Francis was read in evidence.]

Charles

Charles Bacon, examined by Mr. Serjeant Shepherd.—I am one of the patroles belonging to Bow-ſtreet. I was preſent with Mr. Stafford at the Oakley Arms, where I ſaw the priſoners; there was not any other perſon, except the priſoner, dreſſed like a gentleman: I ſearched Thomas Broughton. I found three printed papers upon him [the papers were produced they were the ſame as the one juſt read]. I ſaw Colonel Deſpard in the room. He addreſſed himſelf to the company, and wanted to know why he was detained there? They all jumped up, and Colonel Deſpard went towards the door and exclaimed, one and all follow me. I took care of the perſon I had; the other officers were called up, and ſecured all the people.

John May.—I am one of the police conſtables of this county. On the 16th November, I went to the Oakley Arms. I went up ſtairs with Mr. Stafford. We found thirty perſons. I ſearched one Phillips, alias Jackſon. In his left hand pocket I found one of the papers produced. I knew Colonel Deſpard; he was in the room when I went there. The ſeveral perſons named in the indictment were there.

Samuel Taunton.—I am a police conſtable. I went to the Oakley Arms, in November laſt. There were twenty-eight or twenty-nine there. I ſearched a man of the name of M'Gray. I obſerved an officer pick up a paper from the ground, exactly under the bench where the perſon had been ſitting. Hanner gave me the paper. (It was produced; its contents were the ſame as the one already ſtated)

Joſeph Hanner, one of the Bow-ſtreet officers.—I attended at the Oakley Arms on the 16th November. I found a paper under the bench where the perſon I was ſearching was ſitting. I gave it to Samuel Taunton.

John Rivett, one of the conſtables at Bow-ſtreet.—I was preſent at the Oakley Arms. I was the firſt or ſecond who went up. After I had been in the room ſome minutes, I ſaw Colonel Deſpard. I had known him before.

Thomas Windſor, examined by Mr. Garrow.—I am a private in the grenadier company of the firſt battalion of the guards. I know Colonel Deſpard and John Francis. I was with my regiment in March laſt at Chatham. I, ſoon after the regiment returned to town, received ſome printed papers from John Francis. I delivered them to Mr. Bownas, of the Tranſport Office. I communicated to him under what circumſtances I had received them. I left one with him. I received advice from him, as to the ſubject matter of them. Francis adviſed me to unite ourſelves, and overturn the preſent tyrannical ſyſtem of government—to unite ourſelves in different companies and get arms. John Francis applied to Thomas Blades, of the ſame company. There was a meeting at a public-houſe in St. Giles's. Upon the delivery of the cards Francis offered a printed

printed card or affidavit, ſimilar to the one I had given to Bownas; he told me to read it and kiſs it. I read the oath to myſelf, and then I kiſſed the card. I know that is the uſual mode of ſwearing in the ſoldiers. If the perſon ſworn in cannot read, the perſon who brings him reads it for him. It was about a week after, he gave me two cards to diſtribute, as I was a perſon capable of commanding a company. The name of the public houſe in St. Giles's is the Brown Bear; they uſed to meet at the Running Horſe; generally from ſixteen to twenty met; they were principally Iriſhmen, of the lower claſs; the meetings were held once a week. John M'Namara, who we called Mr. Mac, propoſed that we ſhould change the houſes to avoid detection. His advice was followed. I attended meetings at the Bleeding Hart. John Francis attended them. Thomas Broughton accompanied us to one; about twenty-five attended. The object was to unite ourſelves, to raiſe ſubſcriptions, to pay delegates to go into the country, and to pay the expences of printing affidavits. The principal object was to overturn the government and deſtroy the royal family. There were ten men in each company, and the eleventh, if he had raiſed them, was the captain. He was called the captain of ten. The ſociety was divided into diviſions. There was a diviſion in the Borough, in Marybone, in Spitalfields, and for Blackwall and upwards. The oldeſt captain of fifty took the command. He was called the colonel of the ſub-diviſion. John Francis and M'Namara told me, they ſhould appoint me colonel of the Borough diviſion. They called themſelves colonels under the head colonel or commander in chief. I know the Spread Eagle, in Mill-lane, was a place of meeting. I know James Sedgwick Ratten. The meeting of the Blackwall diviſion was for perſons belonging to the navy, and thoſe who had been uſed to the exerciſe of great guns. Ratten called himſelf a colonel. I know the Hoop and Ram in the Mint; it is where Ratten holds his diviſion. I know the Oakley Arms. I have attended them upon Broughton's ſummons, about ſeven or eight weeks before I gave in my evidence; it was on a Sunday I met Arthur Graham, Lander, and about half a dozen more. Nothing particular was done. On the 9th November, there was a meeting at the Oakley Arms. It was on Tueſday, the lord mayor's day: the room was almoſt full: there were about thirty. I had been at a meeting at the Ram and Windmill, where Broughton told me they had received about 15s. 6d. to pay for delegates going to the country, and for printing the oaths. There were about ſixteen perſons preſent at the Ram: they were encouraging each other to take cards, and get as many recruits as they could.—M'Namara was preſent. The delegates were to take the papers into the country to be diſtributed. Thoſe who took cards paid one ſhilling for them. I remember a meeting at the Hoop and Ram about a fortnight or three weeks

before lord mayor's day; the ſame plan was purſued. Broughton, Wood, and M'Gray were there, and Ratten was in the chair. I know the Bell in Tower-ſtreet. I was ordered to attend, but it being during evening ſervice, the landlord would not let us in. We went to the canteen or ſtone kitchen in the tower; that was on a Sunday, about eight weeks before lord mayor's day. When they firſt met on Tower-hill, they were about thirty, but they diſperſed, and only about thirteen went into the tower. They were planning that ſome ſhould go to Woolwich to the warren, to try if they could not get ſome of the people there to unite with them. I remember a meeting the Friday after lord mayor's day. I was at work No. 16, Weſt-ſquare. Broughton called upon me; he ſaid "Windſor, come with me to the Flying Horſe, Newington; I will introduce you into good company." I told him I could not neglect my buſineſs, I had a wife and family to maintain; he ſaid, damn you, you muſt neglect your buſineſs; I neglect mine. I went with him. I remained in the tap. Broughton ſaid, don't ſtop there, come along. I found a gentleman in the parlour, who called himſelf Colonel Deſpard; Broughton ſaid, that is Colonel Deſpard. I made my obedience to him, and took my ſeat. Mr. Emblin was there, and Samuel Smith, and Arthur Graham. Graham and Colonel Deſpard fell into converſation for ſome minutes, and then Emblin. I did not hear what paſſed.

Graham offered a piece of money to Colonel Deſpard, which he refuſed, and then he ſaid you ſhall have ſomething to drink, and then ordered one ſhilling's worth of brandy and water. I heard Emblin obſerve to Colonel Deſpard, that there ought to be a regular organization in London. Deſpard ſaid no, a regular organization in London, was dangerous, as it was under the eye of government, but a regular organization in the country was neceſſary, and he believed general. He ſaid the people were every where ripe and anxious for the moment of attack, and I believe this to be the moment, particularly at Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, and every capital town in England. I have, ſaid Colonel Deſpard, walked twenty miles to-day, and the people are every where ripe, where I have been. He ſaid, the attack was to be made on the day his majeſty went to the Houſe; and his majeſty muſt be put to death, and the mail coaches were to be ſtopped, as a ſignal to the people in the country that they had revolted in town. After this converſation, Windſor ſays he, Wood has mentioned you to me. I ſhall be glad if you will meet me on Monday morning on Tower Hill, at half paſt eleven o'clock, and bring with you four or five intelligent men, to conſult on the beſt method of taking the tower, and ſecuring the arms. I promiſed to meet him. In the courſe of that meeting, he ſaid, I have weighed the matter well, and my heart is callous. I believe he ſaid this after he ſaid the people were

ripe.

ripe. I promiſed to meet him, and bring the intelligent perſons he required. The ſervant girl came into the room, and Emblin gave her three-pence, ſaying, I will kiſs you when I come again. I might have ſtaid there about an hour and a half. Upon the Monday I met Colonel Deſpard at the Tyger, on Tower-hill. I took Winterbottom, a ſoldier of the ſame company, with me. I was there exactly at the time appointed, and the colonel came about five minutes before twelve—When he came in, I and Winterbottom were in the tap-room. Colonel Deſpard made a motion, and I went out. He ſaid, are thoſe people belonging to us. (There were four or five in the tap-room). I ſaid, yes. He ſaid, bid them come with me. I replied, there is only one I can depend upon, and that is Winterbottom. He ſaid, as you are in your regimentals, and well known, do you take one direction and I another, and meet me at Whitechapel-church. I returned to Winterbottom, and went with him according to appointment. The colonel walked gently before us till we came to Whitechapel-church. He pointed to a public-houſe the Two Bells, and ſaid, I will find a man who will give me information reſpecting Lynch. He aſked me if I had got money? I told him I had. I remained there about half an hour before he returned. He brought a man of the name of Heron, a diſcharged ſoldier. At the Flying-Horſe, the colonel had deſired me to enquire for Lynch, who might be truſted with any ſecret. He beckoned me out of the public-houſe, and we walked up and down Brick-lane, and during that time, the colonel ſaid we are deceived as to the number of arms in the bank; there are but 600 ſtand, and they have taken the hammers off to render them uſeleſs, ſo they muſt have been apprized of our intention. We went to the Coach and Horſes in Whitechapel, and had two pots of porter and ſome bread and cheeſe. The colonel ſaid, Windſor, do you know thoſe two ſoldiers at the top of the table? I ſaid, I knew them by ſight; he ſaid he believed they were two of us. He ſaid, Windſor, his majeſty muſt be put to death, and the people will be at liberty; he afterwards invited the ſoldiers to eat and drink, but they refuſed. He ſaid he would make the attack himſelf, the day his majeſty went to the houſe. If he could get no aſſiſtance from this ſide of the water, he ſhould make the attack, with what forces he had from Blackwall, Whitechapel, and the other diviſions in Middleſex.

(To be continued.)

Inſtances of the Sagacity and Induſtry of Beavers.

AT the head of one of the rivers of Louiſiana, in a very retired place, M. du Pratz found a beaver dam. Not far from it, but hidden from their ſight, he and his companions

erected their hut, in order to watch their operations at leiſure. They waited till the moon ſhone pretty bright, and carrying branches of trees in their hands to hide themſelves behind, they went with great care and ſilence to the dam. He then ordered one of the men to cut, as ſilently as poſſible, a gutter, about a foot wide, through it, and immediately afterward to run to the hiding place.

As ſoon as the water through the gutter began to make a noiſe (ſays M. du Pratz), we heard a beaver come from one of the huts and plunge in. We then ſaw him get upon the bank, and diſtinctly perceived that he examined it. He then, with all his force, gave four diſtinct blows with his tail, and immediately the whole colony threw themſelves into the water and came upon the dam. When they were all aſſembled, one of them appeared, by muttering, to iſſue ſome kind of orders, for they all inſtantly left the place, and went out on the banks of the pond in different directions. Thoſe neareſt to us were between our ſtation and the dam, and therefore we could obſerve their operations very plainly. Some of them formed a kind of mortar; others carried this on their tails, which ſerved as ſledges for the purpoſe. I obſerved that they put themſelves two and two, and that each of theſe loaded the other. They trailed the mortar, which was pretty ſtiff, quite to the dam, where others were ſtationed to take it; theſe put it into the gutter, and rammed it down with blows of their tails.

The noiſe of the water ſoon ceaſed, and the breach was completely repaired. One of the beavers then ſtruck two blows with his tail, and inſtantly they all took to the water without any noiſe, and diſappeared.

M. du Pratz and his companions afterward retired to their hut to reſt, and did not again diſturb theſe induſtrious animals till the next day. In the morning, however, they went together to the dam, to ſee its conſtruction, for which purpoſe it was neceſſary that they ſhould cut part of it down. The lowering of water in conſequence of this, together with the noiſe they made, roufed the beavers again. The animals ſeemed much diſturbed by theſe operations, and one of them in particular was obſerved ſeveral times to come pretty near them, as if to examine what paſſed. As he apprehended that they might run into the woods, if further diſturbed, he adviſed his companions that they ſhould again conceal themſelves.

One of the beavers then ventured (continues our obſerver), to go upon the breach, after having ſeveral times approached and returned like a ſpy. He ſurveyed the place, then ſtruck four blows, as he did the preceding evening, with his tail. One of thoſe that were going to work, paſſed cloſe by me, and as I wanted a ſpecimen to examine, I ſhot him. The noiſe of the

gun made them all ſcamper off with greater ſpeed than a hundred blows of the tail of their overſeer could have done.

By firing at them ſeveral times afterward, they were compelled to run with precipitation into the woods. M. du Pratz then examined their habitations, &c.

Under one of theſe houſes he found fifteen pieces of wood, with the bark in part gnawed off, apparently intended for food. And round the middle of his houſe, which formed a paſſage for them to go in and out at, he found no leſs than fifteen different cells. Theſe habitations were made by poſts placed ſlanting upward to a point, and in the middle was the floor, reſting firmly on notches in the poſts.

ANGELICA; OR, THE MUNIFICENT HEIRESS.

(Concluded from Page 174.)

ABOUT four years ago the excellent Angelica contracted an epidemical fever; and departed to a better world, at the age of forty-ſeven. She left the bulk of her fortune to be divided equally among the children of Fauſtina; and there was found, in a little cabinet which contained her will, the following extraordinary letter to that lady.

" MY VERY DEAR FRIEND!

" Having enjoyed your entire confidence from our infancy, I think myſelf bound to apologiſe to you for having returned it, during ſeveral years, with diſguiſe and deluſion. Be not ſtartled at this ſurpriſing intelligence—But why do I ſay ſtartled? The moments for ſuch terror will be paſt; and you will be able to feel only a melancholy tenderneſs towards your beloved Angelica when you read this paper, as it is not to reach you till ſhe is no more! perhaps it may never reach you; yet, I hope it will. I pray to Heaven that you may ſurvive me: and in that comfortable expectation I ſhall here pour forth to you my whole heart.

" You may remember that when we were firſt enlivened by the acquaintance of Eumenes, I was frequently rallied on his attention to me: as that attention was ſufficient to miſlead the vanity of any girl, I need not bluſh in confeſſing to you its effect on me—I forgot, in your abſence, the ſuperiority of your attractions; and, credulouſly ſuppoſing that the affection of Eumenes was ſettled on myſelf, I haſtily gave him my heart. As I never deſigned, however, that this fooliſh heart ſhould hide any of its foibles from my Fauſtina, I was preparing to tell you the true ſtate of it, when you imparted to me the ſurpriſing, important letter, which declared the wiſer choice of Eumenes. Yes, my dear! I ſay, ſincerely, the wiſer choice, and ſhall prove

it

it ſo. Remember, that I am now ſpeaking as from the grave; and you will then not ſuſpect me of flattery.

"But to return to that heart-ſearching letter: I will confeſs to you, that I wept bitterly for ſome minutes, as ſoon as I had firſt peruſed it. I felt as fooliſh as a child who, having built, for the firſt time, a caſtle of cards, ſees it ſuddenly overthrown. But my heart ſoon corrected the errors of my vain imagination: I began to commune with my own ſoul; I ſaid to myſelf—'Why am I thus mortified? What is my wiſh? Is it not to ſee and make Eumenes happy? And is not this ſtill in my power? Not, indeed, as a wife; ſince he has judiciouſly choſen a lovely girl, much more likely to ſucceed in that character: but, ſtill, as the friend of two excellent creatures, formed for each other, and equally dear to me.' It was thus that I reaſoned with myſelf. My benevolence, and my pride, were highly flattered in this ſelf-debate; and it gave me ſpirit to act towards you both, in the manner you well remember. It hurt me much, to find that my darling propoſal for your ſpeedy union was thwarted ſo long—ſhall I ſay, by your nobleneſs of nature, or by your falſe delicacy? I believe I called it, at the time, by the latter name; being thoroughly perſuaded that, in your condition, I would have accepted, from you, the offer which I made. At length, however, the time arrived, in which I was enabled to accompliſh, in a manner unknown to you, the darling object of my ambition.

"Allow me, my deareſt friends, to boaſt, in this paper, that I have been the inviſible architect of the happineſs which we have now enjoyed together for many years. It was the unſeen hand of your Angelica, that made you the happy wife of Eumenes, by placing him in that preferment to which his virtues have given him ſo juſt a title. How I was fortunately enabled to make, and to conceal, ſo deſirable a purchaſe, you will perfectly comprehend, from the collection of papers which I ſhall leave in the cabinet, with my will and this letter. As long as the diſcovery could wound your honeſt pride, by a load of imaginary obligations, I determined never to make it; but, ſo ſtrange is human pride! we are never hurt by the idea of obligation to the dead; and, remember, as I ſaid once before, that I am now ſpeaking from the grave. By this conduct I am humouring, at one and the ſame time, both your pride and my own; for I here avow, that I am very ambitious of increaſing, after my death, that pure and perfect regard which ye have both ſhewn, through the courſe of many ſocial years, to your living Angelica. But while I am thus ſoliciting an increaſe of your affection, let me guard that very affection from one painful exceſs. I know you both ſo well, that I am almoſt ſure you will exclaim together, on firſt reading theſe papers—'Good God! what a generous creature; to make ſuch a ſacrifice of herſelf

for our ſakes!' But, affectionate as theſe expreſſions may be, they will be far from juſt. Be aſſured my dear friends—and I now ſpeak the language of ſober reaſon—I have made no ſacrifice; ſo far from it, I am convinced, from a long and ſerious ſurvey of human life, that the moſt ſelfiſh and worldly beings could not have purſued any ſyſtem more conducive to their own private intereſt and advantage than mine has been.

"You will agree with me in this truth when I impart to you ſome of my own philoſophical remarks. I will begin with one of the moſt important, and it will ſurpriſe you: it is this: I am thoroughly convinced that I ſhould not have been happy, had I been, what I once ardently hoped to be, the wife of Eumenes. Hear my reaſon, and ſubſcribe to its truth. Amiable as he is, he is a little haſty in his temper, and this circumſtance would have been ſufficient to make us unhappy: for, even ſuppoſing that I had been able to treat it with the indulgent good ſenſe of his gentle Fauſtina, yet all the good humour that I could have put, on ſuch occaſions, into my homely viſage, would have had but a ſlow effect in ſuppreſſing thoſe frequent ſparks of irritation, which are extinguiſhed in a moment by one of her lovely ſmiles. Take it, my dear, as one of my maxims, that every man of haſty ſpirit ought to have a very handſome wife: for, though ſenſe and good temper in the lady may be the eſſential remedies for this maſculine foible, yet, believe me, their operation is quickened, tenfold, by the heart-piercing light of a beautiful countenance.

"I was led to this remark by a very painful ſcene, which once paſſed between Eumenes and me. He was angry with me, for taking the part of his ſon Charles, in a little diſpute between them: and, though I argued the point with him very calmly, he ſaid, ſharply, after the boy had quitted the room, that I ſhewed, indeed, much fondneſs to the child, but no true friendſhip to the father! The expreſſion ſtung me ſo deeply, that I no longer retained a perfect command over my own temper: and, to convince him of the truth, and the extent of that friendſhip which he arraigned ſo unjuſtly, I ſhould, certainly, have betrayed the darling ſecret of my life, which I had reſolved to keep inviolate to the end of my days, had not the ſudden appearance of my dear Fauſtina ſuggeſted to me all the affectionate reaſons for my ſecreſy, and thus reſtored me to myſelf. Her ſmiles now ſhewed their very great ſuperiority over my arguments: for, almoſt without the aid of words, but with a ſweetneſs of manner peculiar to herſelf, ſhe reconciled, in a few minutes, the too haſty father, not only to poor Charles, but to the more childiſh Angelica. This, I believe, was the only time that I was in danger of betraying a ſecret, which I had, I think, judiciouſly, impoſed upon myſelf; for my diſguiſe on this point, as it equally conſulted our mutual pride and delicacy

—whether

—whether true or falſe delicacy, no matter—has, I conceive, been very favourable to our general happineſs; to my own, I am ſure it has.

" In all thoſe moments of ſpleen or depreſſion, to which, I believe, every mortal is in ſome degree ſubject, nothing has relieved me ſo much as the animating recollection that I have been the unknown architect of my friends' felicity. There is ſomething angelic in the idea, ſupremely flattering to the honeſt pride of a feeling heart. Yet, pleaſed as I have ever been with the review of my own conduct, which the world might deride as romantic, I would by no means recommend it to another female in my ſituation. Not from an idea, that ſhe might not be as diſintereſted as myſelf; but leſt, in her friend, ſhe ſhould not find a Fauſtina: for, it has not been my own virtue, but the virtues of my lovely, inimitable friend, which have given full ſucceſs to my project. Had my Fauſtina and Eumenes lived, like many other married folks, in ſcenes of frequent bickering or debate; I ſhould, I doubt not, like many other good ſpinſters, who are witneſſes of ſuch connubial altercation, have entertained the vain idea, that I could have managed the temper of the lordly creature much better; and, of courſe, ſhould have been very reſtleſs that I was not his wife: but, to do full juſtice to the uncommon merits of my incomparable Fauſtina, I here moſt ſolemnly declare to her, I never, ſince her marriage, beheld or thought of her and Eumenes, without a full perſuaſion that Heaven had made them for each other!—But, it is high time to finiſh this ſingular confeſſion; in which, perhaps, I have indulged myſelf too long. I will only add my prayers, that Heaven may continue health and human happineſs to my two friends, beyond the period aſſigned to my mortal exiſtence; and that, whenever I may ceaſe to enjoy their friendſhip on earth, they will tenderly forget all the foibles, and mutually cheriſh the memory of their affectionate

" ANGELICA."

This generous old maid diſplayed, alſo, in her will, which ſhe compoſed herſelf, many touching marks of her affectionate ſpirit. The houſe in which ſhe reſided, ſhe left as a little legacy to Fauſtina; and requeſted her friends to remove into it, on her deceaſe, that Fauſtina might not be expoſed to a more painful removal, if ſhe ſhould happen to ſurvive her huſband. As ſhe knew that a compliance with this requeſt would lead her friends into ſome depreſſive ſenſations, ſhe contrived to furniſh them with an engaging, though melancholy occupation, by requeſting them to build a kind of monument to herſelf, under the form of a little temple to friendſhip, on a favourite ſpot in the garden.

Nothing,

Nothing, perhaps, can equal the uncommon generoſity of Angelica, but the tender and unaffected ſorrow with which her loſs has been lamented. The moſt trivial of her requeſts has been religiouſly obſerved; and the whole family of Eumenes ſeem to think no pleaſure equal to that of doing juſtice to her merit, and proclaiming their unexampled obligations to their departed friend.

A Country Life preferable to living in Town.

MAN was made to reliſh, with genuine joy, thoſe innocent pleaſures, which the very aſpect of rural nature, eſpecially when vegetation unfolds all its energies, preſents to all.—There is ſomething in the genial breezes of a May morning, rich in pure vital air, pregnant with an electricity and a heat which make them ſoft and temperate, wafted with no rough violence, and ſeeming as it were the divine breath of the very ſpirit of nature—ſomething which is, even without reflection, inexpreſſibly refreſhing to the ſenſe. When the light of the ſun breaks out clear and vivid, though not in its full ſtrength, enlivening, and yet but partly illuminating the ſhades; mingling its lucid whiteneſs with the other colours of the ſcene: brightening every other colour on which it falls; and ſtimulating even the human eye to new quickneſs of viſion; how much, how very much, is added to the charm! Oh! I have ſtood on ſuch a morning on a wooded bank, while a murmuring brook paſſed at a ſmall diſtance below; a marſhy meadow, and beyond it a moated hill ſpread out before me to the right; on the left, were cultivated fields lightly ſkirted with wood: and ſtill further to the left, was an antique manſion-houſe emboſomed in trees; I have ſtood in ſuch a ſituation, and have felt a ſudden delight, ſuch as if I had been at once removed from all the turmoil of this earth, as if ſorrow had been for ever effaced from my boſom, as if all thoſe cares, of which the ſenſe would ſoon again intrude, were but the phantoms of an unquiet dream. Sometimes, amid the changes of the face of the ſky, appearances ſtill more raviſhingly intereſting will ariſe.

The moſt remarkable one of this ſort which I can remember to have beheld, preſented itſelf once to my eyes as I paſſed on horſeback over a bleak heathy moor, ſkirting a cultivated and highly ornamented region, of which the level roſe to an elevation conſiderably higher than that of the moor. A thunder-ſtorm had darkened the ſurrounding ſcene, as I approached to where the view of the cultivated part of the country would have opened before me. The ſtorm burſt, and rain and hail fell for ſome minutes around me, with a violence as if they had been precipated from the height of a cataract. While the rain

yet continued to fall, though with leſſened violence, the clouds were partly cleared away, and I came almoſt to the very extremity of the moor. At once, as if it had been a viſion in the air, raiſed by fairy hands, the ornamented ſcenery before me broke in upon my ſight. The ſky over it was ſerene, the ſun with ſlanting rays illuminated its ſurface: it was, independently of theſe advantages, a tract rich in uncommon beauty; the foreground through which I was approaching to it, remained ſtill comparatively dark. It was like a view of the elyſian fields taken from Tartarus, I cannot expreſs the rapture with which it ſwelled my heart. I have never in ſociety known any equal joy.—It is only where taſte, imagination, and feeling, unite to catch theſe unſophiſticated pleaſures of nature, that the country is fitted to give genuine delight. If I walk in the roads and ſtreets of a great city, I am ſtunned with noiſe; I am ſuffocated with duſt: I am in danger of being trampled under foot, and cruſhed to death amid the ruſh of carriages. In the diſtant fields, I incur no ſuch danger, I meet no inconvenience; I can ſaunter careleſsly along and ruminate unutterable things. The cream, the milk, the cheeſe, the butter, the eggs of the country (of all delicacies the moſt exquiſite to an unvitiated palate) are, by no care of the arts which foſter luxury, to be obtained in their native perfection in the town. The very air we breathe in town, differs from that which we may inhale in the country, not leſs, nor leſs unfavourably, than differs the filthy ſtream in the common ſewer, from the pure element, which guſhing from the ſide of a rock, babbles over the pebbled channel of the brook. Theſe are ſimple and common pleaſures, or means of pleaſure peculiar to the country, and incapable of becoming in equal perfection common to the town. What pleaſures has the town, which may deſerve to be named in compariſon with theſe?

The country is the ſituation for eaſy abſtinence from vice: the town preſents the field for the ſublime, the arduous, and the heroic virtues. Elementary knowledge is beſt acquired in rural retirement: the town is the ſcene of fervour in ſcientific and moral enquiry, and of all thoſe efforts by which art and knowledge are the moſt ſucceſsfully advanced.

O.

An ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated Mr. Dryden happening to paſs an evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rocheſter, Lord Dorſet, and ſome few other firſt-rate geniuſes of the age, were called upon to decide, who among the party excelled moſt in boldneſs of ſtyle, harmony of numbers, fine-

neſs

neſs of compoſition, and beauty of invention: for as the converſation had turned upon thoſe peculiar ſubjects, each was required to give a ſpecimen of his own taſte.

Moſt of the party appeared anxious to obtain the tribute of applauſe from a man, whoſe judgement and diſcrimination were ſo univerſally admired, but Lord Dorſet took the pen, and without the leaſt previous reflection merely wrote a couple of lines.

When each of the gentlemen had completed the taſk they had aſſigned themſelves, they impatiently waited, in the hope of receiving the poet's praiſe, who ſhowed evident marks of pleaſure and approbation at the different writings which he peruſed, but when he came to my Lord Dorſet's compoſition his ſatisfaction appeared to know no bounds.

"I muſt acknowledge (ſaid he) there are an abundance of fine things in my hands, and ſuch as do honour to the perſonages who wrote them; but I am under the indiſpenſable neceſſity of giving the preference to my friend, Lord Dorſet." Then holding out the paper, which had afforded him ſo much pleaſure, he audibly read the following words:

"I promiſe to pay John Dryden, Eſq. or order, on demand, the ſum of five hundred pounds.

"DORSET."

"I muſt confeſs," exclaimed Dryden, "that I am equally charmed with the ſtyle and the ſubject, and flatter myſelf, gentlemen, that it requires no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion againſt yourſelves. This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not merely the eſſence, but quinteſſence of language, and ſurpaſſes every thing that can be wrote or ſaid."

A FOOL ODDLY SPOILED.

KING JAMES I. gave all manner of encouragement to the exerciſe of buffoonery, and took great delight in it himſelf. Happening one day to bear rather hard on one of his Scotch courtiers—"By my ſoul," returned the peer, "he who made your majeſty a *king*, ſpoiled the beſt *fool* in Chriſtendom."

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE *of* HONESTY.

A Perſon in the neighbourhood of Halifax, in the Weſt Riding of Yorkſhire, having, through misfortune, about forty years ago, become inſolvent, and not being able to pay more than eleven ſhillings in the pound, formed a reſolution, if providence ſmiled on his future endeavours, to pay the whole amount; and in caſe of death, he requeſted his ſons to liquidate

his debts by their joint proportion. It pleaſed God, however, to ſpare his life, and after ſtruggling with a variety of difficulties, (for his livelihood chiefly depended on his own labour) he at length ſaved from his ſmall earnings, ſufficient to ſatisfy every demand. A few days ago, the old man, who is of the ſociety of quakers, went with no inconſiderable ſum to the ſurviving ſon of one of his creditors, who had been dead thirty years, and inſiſted on paying him the money he owed his father, which he accordingly did with heartfelt ſatisfaction. Such a diſplay of virtuous principle reflects the higheſt honour on a worthy individual.

Sketch of ANCIENT ENGLISH SPORTS, &c.

HENTZNER, a German, who viſited this country, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, gives ſome curious particulars reſpecting London:—There is (ſays he) a place built in the form of a theatre, which ſerves for the baiting of bulls and bears; they are faſtened behind, and then worried by great Engliſh bull-dogs; but not without great riſk to the dogs, from the horns of the one, and the teeth of the other, and it ſometimes happens that they are killed on the ſpot: freſh ones are immediately ſupplied in the place of thoſe that are wounded or tired. To this entertainment there often follows that of whipping a blinded bear, which is performed by five or ſix men ſtanding circularly with whips, which they exerciſe upon him without any mercy, as he cannot eſcape from them becauſe of his chain; he defends himſelf with all his force and ſkill, throwing down all who come within his reach, and are not active enough to get out of it, and tearing the whips out of their hands, and breaking them. At theſe ſpectacles, and every where elſe, the Engliſh are conſtantly ſmoaking tobacco, and in this manner:—They have pipes on purpoſe made of clay, into the farther end of which they put the herb, ſo dry that it may be rubbed into powder; and, putting fire to it, they draw the ſmoke into their mouths, which they puff out again through their noſtrils, like funnels, along with it plenty of phlegm and defluxion from the head. In theſe theatres, fruits, ſuch as apples, pears, and nuts, according to the ſeaſon, are carried about to be ſold, as well as ale and wine.

A REFLECTION.

MOST women lament not the death of their lovers ſo much out of real affection for them, as becauſe they would appear worthy of having been beloved.

Anſwer, by J. Chubb, of Everſhot, to B. C.'s Rebus, inſerted January 31.

YOUR rebus plainly now is ſeen,
For TOTNES is the town you mean.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Squance, Ricardus, Egbert Moon, H. Humphreys, and W. Strong, of Exeter; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; George Coulman, and W. C. of Broadhempſtone; and J. Tremlett, of Newton Abbot.

Anſwer, by B. Fiander, Melbury Oſmond, to Amicus's Charade, inſerted Jan. 24.

TO many crimes doth HATRED lead,
It miſ'ry doth produce;
While paſſion reigns wiſdom is fled,
And reaſon's void of uſe.

A CHARADE, *by R. Bellows.*

A Well-known fruit you ſoon muſt find;
A vowel next you'll bring to mind;
A bird, kind gents. you muſt ſelect;
And next a foreign fruit inſpect;
To make the final letter plain,
A title you muſt next explain:
The initials join'd aright and true,
A town in Dorſet you will view.

A CHARADE, *by J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter.*

IF e'er beneath my ſecond's cool retreat,
My firſt's ſoft notes ſhould echo in the air,
Stretch not my whole, ye youths, with black deceit,
Its unſuſpecting boſom to inſnare.

A CHARADE, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

MY firſt is form'd with ſkill and care,
Which you, gents. ſoon will name,
My ſecond wondrous doth appear,
Of far ſuperior frame:
Ne'er may my whole's exertions ceaſe,
But ever keep the public peace.

A REBUS, *by Recluſe, of Awliſcombe.*

IN holy writ the Lord has ſaid,
My firſt ſhall ſee his face,
Sav'd from the world's deluſive ſnares
By his almighty grace.
When from the north cold winter reigns,
My ſecond may be found,
When rivers lie in frozen chains
The earth in fetters bound.
When the archangel's trump ſhall ſound,
And dreadful thunders roll,
My whole with terror and deſpair
Will fill the guilty ſoul.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The SEASONS.

THE ſeaſons roll along; and as they paſs
Much does the moralizing mind obſerve
As food for calm reflection. When the ſun,
Forcing the embryo buds, calls forth the ſpring,
And, aided by the early ſhowers that fall,
Clothes with "gay green" the earth, and interweaves
That green with million flowerets, to the eye
Delighted, how the varied ſcene ſhines forth!
Then how the gardens bloom! The ſmiling fields
Clap their glad hands; the laughing loves advance;
The meads a ſpangled drapery wear, that ſhow
Hues livelier far than thoſe the mountain boaſts,
Thrown round its ſun-crown'd ſummit; and the ſounds
Of harmony ariſe. Ah! lovely ſmiles the ſcene:
Unconſcious now that haply ſtorms may come,
Sharp cutting winds, and blighting froſt and hail,
Deluging rains and ſnows, deſtroying oft
The peaſant's proſpects, and the floriſt's hopes.
Ah! may no clouds, high pil'd, and bearing on,
In his ſad courſe, the genius of the ſtorm,
Hide the fair orb of day! for now the fruits
Will want his genial warmth, to bid them reach
A mellowed perfection. Let no fiend,
Foe to creation, from his mildew'd lips
Blow blights ſevere to cruſh each riſing hope!
And may the zephyrs breathing, as they paſs,
Perfume, attend upon the infant ſpring.

Man, like the periſhable floweret, hath
His ſpring. He riſes briſk and volatile,
As the wing'd zephyr that inconſtant ſwims,
Fanning a thouſand ways the flexile herb.
The rich blood mantles thro' his crimſon'd cheek,
Health ſparkles in his eye, and all his ſoul
Dances with pleaſure. He no future fears,
Big with the ſtorms of many chequer'd life,
That unexpected, as the froſts which nip
The garden's flowery hopes, may blight his youth.
He riſes ſanguine, warm, and viſionary,
Green in his purpoſes, and laughing wild,
With puerile conceptions, till the ſun
Of education mellows every thought;
Till thro' the genial care of ſoftering friends
Each wand'ring viſion baniſh'd from his view),
He drops the green-ey'd boy, and riſes man.

Spring paſs'd, warm ſummer comes, and glowing hot,
Sol riſes early, and the wakeful lark,
Attendant, hails him, ſpringing from the corn
Faſt ripening. Long is the day, and night
Scarce hovers o'er the globe; for, anxious now,
Short intervals of reſt the peaſant deems
Sufficient. All are alive to action,

To

To vigorous exertion. See the ruſtic
Juſt lays his limbs upon his ſtraw-fill'd bed,
Dreams of the ripening harveſt, ſmiles, and wakes,
And hies him to the field. The hedge rows now,
Their bloſſoms long ſince dropp'd, are thick with leaves,
And drooping with the hazels. See! the orchards
Bend with a variegated load, that drop
The tender youthful hue, and now aſſume
Tints ſtealing o'er the green, ruſſet and gold,
Mellowing with age. And ſo the ſanguine youth
Ripens into the calm, conſiderate man.
So does the purpoſe of the boyiſh breaſt
Give place to manly reaſon; and the mind
Late ſo amus'd with "trifles light as air,"
Unconſcious that the hours which paſs'd were wing'd
Away for ever, marks each fleeting moment,
Now of more worth than worlds. A moment loſt,
Man all awake, now deems is loſt for ever.

Autumn! I hail thee, and with rapture ſee
Thy ripen'd products ſweeping from the vales,
And mountains echoing with the peaſant ſhouts
Of "harveſt home." Now doth the farmer ſee,
The fruit of all his labour. Well he knew
That they muſt toil who would partake the fruits;
And he no hours to dull inaction gave.
He, amid froſt, blight ſtorm, or gleamy warmth,
With folded arms was never ſeen. His arm,
High ſtrung by generous exertion, well
Improv'd each paſſing hour. And O! ye many
Who let fleet life elude your palſied graſp!
Who viſionary wiſh, in autumn's vale,
To realize a golden harveſt, when
Full well ye know your earlier life ſlid on
An unimproved void! Why will ye harbour
An hope ſo futile? Did the wary bee,
Who buzzing from his hive by peep of day,
Seem'd e'en to chide the chariot of the ſun,
Ne'er warn you, ſauntering, on your thoughtleſs round?
Did you ne'er ſee the inſect chymiſt work,
And work as if the ſummer were too ſhort
Amply to ſtore his 'ſightly hexagon?"
Ah! would he, letting ſpring and ſummer ſlip,
At pleaſure's call, roving from flower to flower,
Tenacious only of the preſent, to the future
Careleſs, form expectations crude as your's?

Pale winter comes at laſt, and ſhuts the ſcene.
Fall'n are the lovely proſpects which of late
Gladden'd the eye. No more the flowerets bloom.
And, breathing incenſe, now no more the zephyrs
Fan the ſoft ringlets of the virgin's hair.
But now the north wind, and the hollow breeze,
Chill as they paſs, and, howling thro' the void,
Strip the dark foreſt of its leafy pride,
And ſcatter deſolation thro' the glade.
Fall'n is the pride of ſummer! Autumn now,
With all her golden harveſts, is no more.

Life too muſt cloſe: and age, a dreary void,
Faſt haſtens on upon the ſcenes of youth
And manhood. When the cloſing ſcene,
Each glittering proſpect paſt, ſhall dim the eye,
Health beaming once. Ah! who that ſcene ſhall try
But much ſhall wiſh that he had better us'd
The precious moments of a life too ſhort.

Plymouth Dock. N. T. CARRINGTON.